

"Hail, Mary: Blessed Art Thou Among Women."

Thou art high in the fathomless splendor that knoweth no sun or star,
Thou, human, yet higher than angels, where the mightiest angels are;
And hast thou forgotten, O Mary, in that ageless glory of thine,
The rising and setting of suns in the heavens of Palestine?

Thou art crowned as a Mother in heaven—but low at the feet of the Son
Canst thou look back and remember the life of the years that are done?
Thou art woman, not angel, O Mary! and safe in the folds of thine
heart
I ween that thou still keepest all things to ponder, as high as thou art.

Through the sweep of the song that forever and ever ascends round the
throne
Canst thou catch, O dear Mother, the echo of prayers once thine own?
The whispers that rose on the darkness when moonlight was dying in
dawn,
And outward and upward thy soul like the breath of a flower was
drawn?

The nine ranks of seraphs bend round thee, the angels encircle thy place;
Down the measureless legions of heaven thou knowest each rapturous
face;
But deep in thy heart unforgotten the sunshine of Nazareth lies,
And the shadows of old human faces float up in thine eyes.

They tread the rough hill-path beside thee at evening again,
When the last flame of sunset is smouldering, burned down to the edge
of the plain;
The girls lean and laugh at the well-side—thou a girl with the rest,
The mystery of God round about thee, His love in thy breast.

Thou keepest the sound of their voices, the touch of their hands;
Thy feet know the dews of the rock-clefts, the heat of the sands,
While ever and always, O Mary, thy soul in a rapturous pain
Broods over the Bethlehem stable, adoring again.

Thy lips keep the touch of old kisses, and kindling as fire
The lips of the Babe as they turned to the mother's desire;
Thine ears hold the mystery and wonder, His first trem-
bling word,
Who lay on thine heart and looked upward, thy God
and thy Lord.

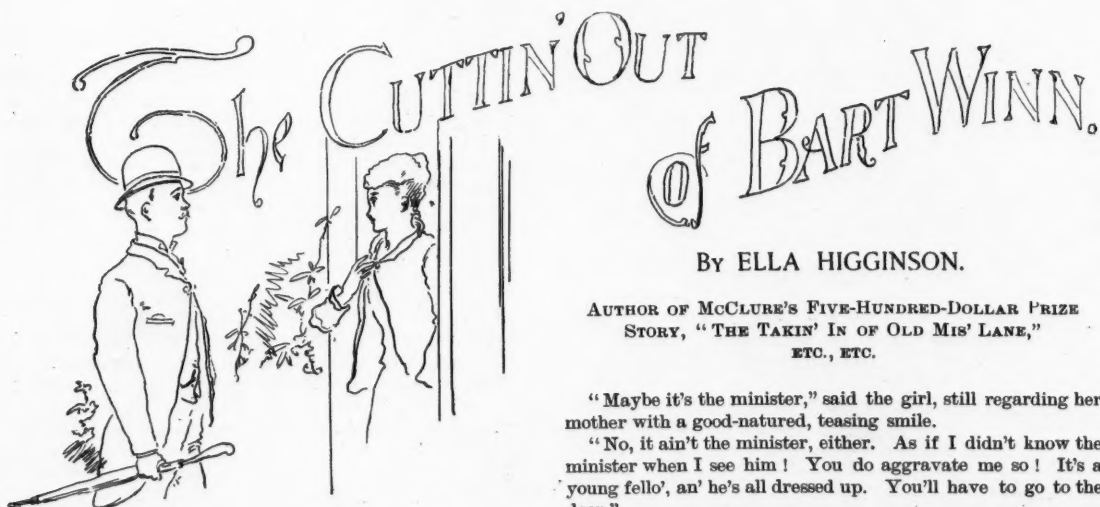
Thou hast not forgotten one heart-beat—thou, whose
sorrows were seven—
Thou, Mother and maiden forever, crowned
Mother in heaven!
We hail thee with Gabriel, we bless thee,
where low at the feet of the Son
Thou kneelest, wrapped round with His
radiance, O humble and
glorified one!

G. A. DAVIS.

"Deep in thy heart the sunshine of Nazareth lies."



"Faster and faster worked the powerful arms, and louder and louder the guttural chant beat time."



BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

AUTHOR OF MCCLURE'S FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR PRIZE
STORY, "THE TAKIN' IN OF OLD MIS' LANE,"
ETC., ETC.

"L AVIN-EE!"
"Well?"
Mrs. Vaiden came to the foot of the stairs.
"You up there?" she said.
"Yes, maw. What you want?"
"Somebody's comin'," said Mrs. Vaiden, lowering her voice to a tone of important mystery.
"I guess not here," said Lavinia, lightly. She sat down on the top step and smiled at her mother.
"Yes, it is here, too," retorted Mrs. Vaiden, with some irritation. "If you couldn't contradict a body 't wouldn't be you! You're just like your paw!" She paused, and then added: "It's a man a-foot. He's comin' up the path slow, a-stoppin' to look at the flowers."

"Maybe it's the minister," said the girl, still regarding her mother with a good-natured, teasing smile.
"No, it ain't the minister, either. As if I didn't know the minister when I see him! You do aggravate me so! It's a young fello', an' he's all dressed up. You'll have to go to the door."
"Oh, maw!" cried Lavinia, reproachfully. "I just can't—in this short dress!"
She stood up, with a look of dismay, and began pulling nervously at her fresh gingham skirt. It was short, showing very prettily-arched insteps and delicate ankles.
"Well, you just can, an' haf to," said Mrs. Vaiden, shortly.
"I've told you often enough to put a ruffle on the bottom o' that dress, an' I'm glad you're caught. Mebbe you'll do 's I tell you after this—"
She started guiltily as a loud rap sounded upon the door behind her, and began to tiptoe heavily down the hall toward the kitchen. The girl looked after her in mingled amusement and chagrin. Then she leaned forward slightly, drawing her skirt back closely on both sides, and looked at her feet, with her head turned on one side like a bird. When the cessation o' her mother's labored breathing announced silently that she

had reached the kitchen in safety, Lavinia shrugged her beautiful shoulders—which no gown could conceal—and opened the door. A young man in a light traveling-suit stood before her. In his hand was a bunch of her own sweet-peas.

At sight of her he whisked off his hat in a way that brought a lovely color to her face and throat. For a little while it seemed as if he was not going to say or do anything but just look at her. She was well worth looking at. She had the rare beauty of velvet eyes of a reddish-brown color, hair wavy and brown, with red glints in it, and a clear complexion, unfreckled and of exquisite coloring.

Lavinia's eyes went to the sweet-peas, and then, with a deeper blush under them, to his face.

"Won't you come in?" she said.

"Why, yes, if you'll let me." The young man smiled, and Lavinia found her lips and eyes responding, in all the lightness of youth and a clear conscience.

"I couldn't help taking some of your sweet-peas," he said, following her into the parlor. It was a large, solemn-looking room. The blinds were lowered over the windows, but the girl raised one slightly, letting a splash of pale autumnal sunshine flicker across the hit-and-miss rag carpet. There was an organ in one corner and a hair-cloth sofa in another. Eight slender-legged hair-cloth chairs were placed at severely equal distances around the room, their backs resting firmly against the walls. All tipped forward slightly, their front legs being somewhat shorter than the others. On the back of each was a small, square, crocheted tidy. There were some family portraits on the walls, in oval gilt frames; and there was a large picture of George Washington and family, on their stateliest behavior; another, named in large letters "The Journey of Life," of an uncommonly roomy row-boat containing at least a dozen persons, who were supposed to represent all ages from the cradle to the grave; in the wide, white margin beneath this picture were two verses of beautiful, descriptive poetry, and in one corner appeared, with apparent irrelevancy, the name of an illustrated newspaper. There was also a chromo of a scantily-attired woman clinging to a cross which was set in the midst of dashing sea-waves; and there was a cheerful

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF

photograph, in a black cloth frame, of flowers—made into harp crosses, anchors and hearts—that had been sent at some time of bereavement by sympathetic but misguided friends. A marble-topped centre-table held a large plush album, a scrap-book, a book of autographs, a lamp with a pale-green shade, and a glass case containing a feather-wreath.

"Oh, we've got lots of sweet-peas," said Lavinia, adjusting the blind carefully. Then she looked at him.

"May I see Mrs. Vaiden?" he asked, easily.

"She's—busy," said Lavinia, with a look of embarrassment. "But I'll see—"

"Oh, don't," interrupted the young man lightly. "They told me at the post-office she took boarders sometimes, and I came to see if there was any chance for me." He handed a card to the girl with an air of not knowing that he was doing it. Her very eyelids seemed to blush as she looked at it and read the name—Mr. C. Daun Diller. "I am writing up the Puget Sound country for a New York paper, and I should like to make my headquarters here at Whatcom, but I can't stand the hotels in your new towns. It's the most amazing thing!" he went on, smiling at her as she stood twisting the card in her fingers, not knowing exactly what to do with it. "You go to sleep at night in a Puget Sound village with the fronts of the stores painted green, blue and red, spasmodic patches of sidewalk here and there, dust ankle deep, and no street-lights—and you wake in the morning in a city! A city with fine stone blocks and residences, stone pavements, electric lights, and railways, gas, splendid water-works,"—he was checking off now, excitedly, on his fingers,—"sewerage, big mills, factories, canneries, public schools that would make the East stare, churches, libraries"—he stopped abruptly, and, dropping his arms limply to his sides, added—"and not a hotel! Not a comfortable bed or a good meal to be had for love or money!"

"Yes, that's so," said Lavinia, reluctantly. "But you can't expect us to get everythin' all at once. Why, Whatcom's boom only started in about six months ago."

Mr. C. Daun Diller looked amused. "Oh, if it were this town only," he said, sitting down on one of the hair-cloth chairs and feeling himself slide gently forward, "I shouldn't have mentioned it. But the truth is, there are only three decent hotels in the whole Puget Sound country. But I know"—here he smiled at her again—"that it's not safe to breathe a word against Puget Sound to a Puget-Sounder."

"No, it ain't," said the girl, responding to the smile and the respectfully bantering tone. Then she moved to the door. "Well, I'll see what maw says to it," she said, and vanished.

Mr. C. Daun Diller stood up and pushed his hands down into his pockets, whistling softly. He walked over to the organ and looked at the music. There were three large books: "The Home Circle," "The Golden Chord," and "The Family Treasure"; a "simplified" copy of "The Maiden's Prayer," and a book of "Gospel Songs."

The young man smiled.

"All the same," he said, as if in answer to a disparaging remark made by some one else, "she's about the handsomest girl I ever saw. I'm getting right-down anxious to see myself what 'maw' will 'say to it.'"

After a long while Mrs. Vaiden appeared in a crisply-starched gingham dress and a company manner—both of which had been freshly put on for the occasion. Mr. Diller found her rather painfully polite, and he began to wonder, after paying his first week's board, whether he could endure two or three months of her; but he was quite, quite sure that he could endure a full year of the daughter.

A couple of evenings later he was sitting by the window in his quaint but exquisitely neat room, writing, when a light rap came upon his door. Upon opening it he found Lavinia standing, bashfully, a few steps away. There was a picturesque, broad-brimmed hat set coquettishly on her splendid hair.

"Maw wanted I sh'd ask you if you'd like to see an Indian canoe-race," she said.

"Would I?" he ejaculated, getting into a great excitement at once. "Well, I should say so! Awfully good of your mother to think—but where is it—when is it? How can I see it?"

"It's down by the viaduct—right now," said Lavinia. Then she added, shyly, pretending to be deeply engrossed with her glove: "I'm just goin'."

"Oh, are you?" said Diller, seizing his hat and stick and coming eagerly out to her. "And may I go with you? Will you take me in hand? I haven't the ghost of an idea where the viaduct is."

"Oh, yes, I'll show you," she said with a glad little laugh, and they went swiftly down the stairs and out into the sweet evening.

"You know," she said, as he opened the gate for her with a deference to which she was not accustomed, and which gave her a thrill of innocent exultation, "the Alaska Indians are just comin' back from hop-pickin' down around Puyallup an' Yakima an' Seattle, an' they alwus stop here an' have races with the Lummys an' the Nooksacks."

Mr. Diller drew a deep breath.

"Do you know," he said, "I wouldn't have missed this for anything—not for anything I can think of. And yet I should if it hadn't been for"—he hesitated, and then added—"your mother." They looked into each other's eyes and laughed, very foolishly and happily.

The sun was setting—moving slowly, scarlet and of dazzling brilliancy, down the western sky, that shaded rapidly from pale blue to salmon, and from salmon to palest pea-green. Beneath, superbly motionless, at full tide, the sound stretched mile on mile away to Lummi peninsula, against whose hills the sun rested—every fir-tree on those noble crests standing out against that burnished background. A broad, unbroken path of gold stretched from shore to shore. Some sea-gulls were circling in endless, silvery rings through the amethystine haze between sea and sky. The old, rotten pier running a mile out to sea shone like a strip of gold above the deep blue water. It was crowded with people, indifferent to danger in their eagerness to see the races. Indeed, there seemed to be people everywhere; on the high banks, the piers, and the mills scattered over the tide-flats, and out in row-boats. Two brass bands

were playing stirring strains alternately. There was much excitement—much shouting, hurrying, running. The crowd kept swaying from the viaduct over to the pier, and from the pier back to the viaduct. Nobody seemed to be quite sure where the start would be; even the three judges, when asked, yelled back, as they clambered down to their row-boat: "We don't know. Wait and see!"

"What accommodating persons," said Mr. Diller, cheerfully. "Shall we go over to the pier? The tide seems to be running that way."

"Oh, the tide's not running now," said Lavinia. "It's full."

Diller looked amused. "I meant the people," he said.

The girl laughed and looked around on the pushing crowd. "I guess we'd best stop right here on the viaduct; here's just where they started last year an' the year before. Oh, see, here's the Alaskas camped pretty near under us!"

As she lifted her voice a little Diller saw a young man standing near start and turn toward her with a glad look of recognition; but at once his glance rested on Diller, and his expression changed to a kind of puzzled bewilderment. The girl was leaning over the railing and did not see him, but he never took his eyes away from her and Diller.

There was a long wait, but the crowd did not lose its patience or its good humor. There was considerable betting going on, and there was the same exciting uncertainty about the start. The sun went down and a bank of apricot-colored clouds piled low over the snow crest of Mount Baker in the east. The pier darkened and the path of gold faded, but splashes of scarlet still lingered on the blue water. A chill, sweet wind started up suddenly, and some of the girl's bronze curls got loose about her white temples. Diller put her wrap around her carefully, and she smiled up at him deliciously. Then she cried out: "Oh, they're gettin' into the boat! They're goin' to start. Oh, I'm so glad!" and struck her two hands together gleefully, like a child.

The long, narrow, richly-painted and carved canoe slid down gracefully into the water. Eleven tall, supple Alaskan Indians, bare to the waist, leaped lightly to their places. They sat erect, close to the sides of the boat, holding their short paddles perpendicularly. At a signal the paddles shot straight down into the water, and, with a swift, magnificent straining and swelling of muscles in the powerful bronze arms and bodies, were pushed backward and withdrawn in lightning strokes. The canoe flashed under the viaduct and appeared on the other side, and a great shout belched from thousands of throats. From camping-places farther up the shore the other boats darted into the water and headed for the viaduct.

"Oh, good! good!" cried Lavinia in a very ecstasy of excitement. "They're goin' to start right under us. We're just in the place!"

"Twenty dollars on the Nooksacks!" yelled a bleary-eyed man in a carriage. "Twenty! Twenty ag'inst ten on the Nooksacks!"

The band burst into "Hail, Columbia!" with beautiful irrelevancy. The crowd came surging back from the pier. Diller was excited, too. His face was flushed and he was breathing heavily. "Who'll you bet on?" he asked, laughing, and thinking, even at that moment, how ravishingly lovely she was with that glow on her face and the loose curls blowing about her face and throat.

"Oh, the Alaskas!" cried the girl, striking little blows of impatience on the railing with her soft fists. "They're so tall an' fine-lookin'! They're so strong an' grand! Look at their muscles—just like ropes! Oh, I'll bet on the Alaskas! I love tall men!"

"Do you?" said Diller. "I'm tall."

They looked into each other's eyes again and laughed. Then a voice spoke over their shoulders—a kind, patient voice. "Oh, Lavinia," it said; "I wouldn't bet if I was you."

Lavinia gave a little scream. Both turned instantly. The young man who had been watching them stood close to them. He wore working-clothes—a flannel shirt and cheap, faded trousers and coat. He had a good, strong honest face, and there was a tenderness in the look he bent on the girl that struck Diller as being almost pathetic.

The glow in Lavinia's face turned to the scarlet of the sunset.

"Oh!" she said, embarrassedly; "that you, Bart? I didn't know you was back."

"I just got back," he replied, briefly. "I got to go back again 'n the mornin'." I was just on my way up to your house. I guess I'll go on. I'm tired, an' I've seen lots o' c'noe races." He looked at her wistfully.

"Well," she said, after a moment's hesitation. "You go on up, then. Maw an' paw's at home, an' I'll come 's soon 's the race 's over."

"All right," he said, with a little drop in his voice, and walked away.

"Oh, dear!" cried Lavinia, "we're missin' the start, ain't we?"

The canoes were lying side by side, waiting for the signal. Every Indian was bent forward, holding his paddle suspended above the water in both hands. There was what might be termed a rigid suppleness in the attitude. The dark outlines of the paddles showed clearly in the water, which had turned yellow as brass. Suddenly the band ceased playing and the signal rang across the sunset. Thirty-three paddles shot into the water, working with the swift regularity of piston-rods in powerful engines. The crowds cheered and yelled. The canoes did not flash or glide now, but literally plowed and plunged through the water, which boiled and seethed behind them in white, bubbled foam that at times hid the bronze figures from sight completely. There was no shouting now, but tense, breathless excitement. People clung, motionless, in dangerous places and stared with straining eyes, under bent brows, after the leaping canoes. The betting had been high. The fierce, rhythmic strokes of the paddles made a noise that was like the rapid pumping of a great ram. To Diller, who stood, pale, with compressed lips, it sounded like the frantic heart-beat of a nation in passionate riot. Mingled with it was a noise that, once heard, cannot be forgotten—a weird, guttural chanting on one tone, that yet seemed to hold a windy, musical note; a

sound, regular and rhythmic as the paddle-strokes, that came from deep in the breasts of the rigidly swaying Indians and found utterance through locked teeth.

A mile out a railroad crossed the tide-lands, and this was the turning point. The Nooksacks made it first, closely followed by the Alaskans, and then, amid wild cheering, the three canoes headed for the viaduct. Faster and faster worked those powerful arms; the paddles whizzed more fiercely through the air; the water spurted in white sheets behind; the canoes bounded, length on length, out of the water; and louder and faster the guttural chant beat time. The Alaskans and the Nooksacks were coming in together, carved prow to carved prow, and the excitement was terrific. Nearer and nearer, neither gaining, they came. Then, suddenly, there burst a mad yell of triumph, and the Alaskan boat arose from the water and leaped almost its full length ahead of the Nooksacks; and amidst waving hats and handkerchiefs, and almost frantic cheering—the race was won.

"By the eternal!" said Diller, beginning to breathe again and wiping the perspiration from his brow; "if that isn't worth crossing the plains to see, I don't know what is!" But his companion did not hear. She was alternately waving her kerchief to the victors and pounding her small fists on the railing in an ecstasy of triumph.

* * * * *

"Lavinia!"

"Well?"

"You come right down hyer an' help me em'ty this renchin'-water. I'd like to know what's got into you! A-stayin' up-stairs half your time, an' just a-mopin' around when you are down. You ain't b'en worth your salt lately!"

The girl came into the kitchen slowly. "What you jawin' about now, maw?" she said, smiling.

"I'll show you what I'm a-jawin' about, 's you call it. Take holt o' this tub an' help me em'ty this renchin'-water."

"Well, don't holler so; Mr. Diller'll hear you."

"I don't care 'f he does hear me. I can give him his come-uppans 'f he goes to foolin' around, listenin'. I don't care 'f he does write for a paper 'n New York! You've got to take holt o' the work more'n you've b'en lately. A-traipsin' around all over the country with him, a-showin' him things to write about an' make fun o'! I sh'd think Bart Winn had just about got enough of it."

"I wish you'd keep still about Bart Winn," said Lavinia, impatiently.

"Well, I ain't a-goin' to keep still about him," Mrs. Vaiden poured the dish-water into the sink and passed the dish-cloth round and round the pan, inside and outside, with mechanical care, before she opened the back door and hung it out on the side of the house. "I guess I don't haf to ask you when I want to talk. There you was—gone all day yeste'day a-huntin' star-fish, an' that renchin'-water a-settin' there a-ruinin' that tub because I couldn't em'ty it all by myself. Just 's if he never saw star-fish where he come from. An' then to-day—b'en gone all the mornin' a-ketchin' crabs! How many crabs 'd you ketch, I'd like to know!"

"We didn't ketch many," said Lavinia, with a soft, aggravating laugh. "The water wa'n't clear enough to see 'em."

"No, I guess the water wa'n't clear enough to see 'em!" The rinsing-water had been emptied, and Mrs. Vaiden was industriously wiping the tub. "I've got all the star-fishin' an' the crab-ketchin' I want, an' I'm a-goin' to tell that young man that he can go some'ers else for his board. He's b'en here a month, an' he's just about made a fool o' you. Pret' soon you'll be a-thinkin' you're too good for Bart Winn!"

"Oh, no," said Bart Winn's honest voice in the doorway; "I guess Lavinia won't never be a-thinkin' that."

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Vaiden, starting and coloring guiltily; "that you? How you scart me! I'm all o' a-trimble."

Bart advanced to Lavinia and kissed her with much tenderness; but instead of blushing, she paled.

"When'd you come?" she asked, briefly, drawing away, while her mother, muttering something about the sour cream and the spring-house, went out discreetly.

"This mornin'," said Bart. "I'm a-goin' to stay home now."

The girl sat down, taking a pan of potatoes on her lap. "I wonder where the case-knife is," she said, helplessly.

"I'll get it," said Bart, running into the pantry and returning with the knife. "I love to wait on you, Lavinia," he added, with shining eyes. "I guess I'll get to wait on you a sight, now. I see your paw 's I come up an' he said 's how I could board hyer. I'll do the shores for you—an' glad to. An', oh, Lavinia! I 'most forgot. I spoke for a buggy 's I come up, so 's I can take you a-ridin' to-night."

"I guess I can't go," said Lavinia, holding her head down and paring potatoes as if her life depended upon getting the skins off.

"You can't? Why can't you?"

"I—why, I'm goin' a salmon-spearin' up at Squaleicum Creek, I guess. Salmon's a-runnin' like everythin' now. 'Most half the town goes up there soon 's it gets dark."

"That a fact?" said Bart, shifting from one foot to the other and looking interested. "I want to know. Well"—his face brightened—"I'll go down an' tell 'em I'll take the rig to morrow night, an' I'll go a-spearin' with you. Right down 'n front o' Eldridge's?"

"Yes." A pulse began thumping violently in the girl's throat. Her eyelids got so heavy she could not lift them. "I guess—that is, I—why you see, Bart, I got comp'ny."

"Well, I guess the girls won't object to my goin' along o' you."

"It ain't girls," said Lavinia, desperately. "It's—a—it's Mr. Diller; the gentleman that boards here."

"Oh," said Bart, slowly. Then there was a most trying silence, during which the ticking of the clock and the beating of her own heart were the only sounds Lavinia heard. At last she said, feebly: "You see he writes for a New York newspaper—one o' the big ones. He's a-writin' up the whole Puget Sound country. An' he don't know just what he'd ort to see, nor just how to see it, unless somebody shows him about—an' I've b'en a-showin' him."

"Oh!" said Bart again, but quite in another tone, quite



THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS REVERIE.—DRAWN BY L. W. HITCHCOCK.

words, at least, seemed to have written themselves on his brain. He groped about blindly for his hat, and went out into the shrill, whistling night. The last torch had burnt itself out, and everything was black save the electric lights, winking in the wind, and one strip of whitening sky above Mount Baker, where presently the moon would rise, silver and cool.

It was seven o'clock in the morning when he came back. He washed his hands and face at the sink on the porch, and combed his hair before the tiny mirror, in which a dozen reflections of himself danced. Mrs. Vaiden was frying ham. At sight of him she began to cry, weakly and noiselessly. "Where you been?" she sniffled. "You look forty year old. I set up till one o'clock, a-waitin' for you."

"Mrs. Vaiden," said Bart, quietly, "I'm in great trouble. I've walked all night, tryin' to make up my mind to 't. I've done 't at last; but I cu'dn't 'a' come back tell I did. I'm sorry you waited up."

"Oh, I don't mind that 's long 's you're gettin' reconciled to 't, Bart," Mrs. Vaiden spoke more hopefully. "You set right down an' have a bite to eat."

"I don't want anythin'," he replied; but he sat down and took a cup of coffee. It must have been very hot, for suddenly great tears came into his eyes and stood there. Mrs. Vaiden sat down opposite to him and leaned her elbow on the table and her head on her hand. "Bart," she said, solemnly, "I don't want you sh'u'd think I ever winked at this. It never entered my head. My heart's just broke. To see a likely girl, that cu'd 'a' had her pick anywhere, up an' run away with a no-account newspaper fello'—when she cu'd 'a' had you!" The man's face contracted. "Whatever on earth the neighbors 'll say I don't know."

"Who cares what neighbors say?"

"Oh, that's all very well for you to say; you ain't her mother."

"No," said Bart, with a look that made her quail; "I ain't. I wish to God I was! Mebbe 't wouldn't hurt so!"

"Well, it 'ad ort to hurt more!" retorted the lady, with spirit. "Just 's if you felt any worse 'n I do!" He laid his head on his hand and groaned. "Oh, I know it's gone deep, Bart"—her tone softened—"but 's I say, you ain't her mother. You'll get over it an' marry again—like Lavin' wanted that you sh'u'd. It was good o' her to think o' that. I will say that much for her."

"Yes," said Bart; "it was good of her." Then there came a little silence, broken finally by Mrs. Vaiden. Her voice held a note of peevish regret. "There's that fine house o' your'n 'most finished—two story an' a ell! An' that liberry across the front hall from the parlor! When I think how vain Lavin' was o' that liberry! What'll you do with the house now, Bart?"

"Sell it!" he answered, between his teeth.

"An' there's all that fine furnitur' that Lavin' an' you picked out. She fairly danced when she told me about it. All covered with satin—robin-egg green, wa'n't it?"

"Blue." The word dropped mechanically from his white lips.

"Well, blue, then. What'll you do with it?"

"I guess they'll take 't back by my losin' my first payment," he answered, with a kind of ghastly humor.

"Well, there's your new buggy—all paid for. They won't take that back."

"I'll give that to you," he said, with a bitter smile.

"Oh, you!" exclaimed Mrs. Vaiden, throwing out her large hand at him in a gesture of mingled embarrassment and delight. "As if I'd take it, after Lavin' actin' up this a-way!"

He did not reply, and presently she broke out, angrily, with: "The huzzy! The ungrateful, deceitful jade! To treat a body so. How do we know whether he's got anythin' to keep a wife on? I'll admit, though, he was alwus genteel-dressed. I do think, Bart, you might 'a' took pattern 'n that. 'T wa'n't like 's if you wa'n't able to wear good clo'es—an' Lavin' liked such things."

"I wish you'd 'a' told me a good spell ago what she liked, Mrs. Vaiden."

"Well, that's so. There ain't much use 'n lockin' the stable door after the horse 's gone. Oh, that makes me think about your offerin' me that buggy—'s if I w'u'd."

"I guess you'll have to. I'm goin' to leave on the train, an' I'll order 't sent to you."

"Oh, you! Why, where you goin', Bart?"

"I'm goin' to follow him!" he thundered, bringing his fist down on the table in a way that made every dish leap out of its place. "I ain't goin' to hurt him—unless talk hurts—but I'm goin' to say some things to him. I ain't had a thought for three year that that girl ain't ben in! I ain't made a plan that she ain't ben in. I've laid awake night after night just too happy to sleep. An' now to have a—*a thing* like him take her from me 'n one month. But that ain't the worst!" he burst out, passionately. "We don't know how he'll treat her, an' she'll be too proud to complain—"

"I can't see why you care how he treats her," said Mrs. Vaiden, "after the way she's treated you."

"No," he answered, with a look that oug't to have crushed her, "I didn't s'pose you cu'd see. I didn't expect you to see that, or anythin' else but your own feelin's—the way the thing affex you. But that's what I'm goin' to follow him for, Mrs. Vaiden. An' when I find him—I'm goin' to tell him"—there was an awful calm in his tone now—"that if he ever misuses her, now that he's married her, I'll kill him. I'll shoot him down like a dawg!"

"My Lord!" broke in Mrs. Vaiden, with a new thought. "What 'f he ain't married her! She never said so 'n her letter. Oh, Bart!" beginning to weep hysterically, "mebbe you cu'd get her back."

He leaped to his feet, panting like an animal; his great breast swelled in and out swiftly, his hands clinched, his eyes burned at her.

"What!" he said. "Do you dare? Her mother! Oh, you—you—God! but I wish you was a man!"

The whistle of a coming train broke across the morning stillness. He turned, seized his hat and crushed it on his head. Then he came back and took up the chair in which he had been sitting.

"Mrs. Vaiden," he said, quietly, "d' you see this chair? Well, 'f he ain't married her—"

With two or three movements of his powerful wrists he wrenched the chair into as many pieces and dropped them on the floor.

After a while Mrs. Vaiden emerged from the stupefaction into which his last words had thrown her, and resumed her breakfast.

"Well," she said, stirring her coffee until it swam round and round in a smooth eddy in the cup, "f I ever see his beat! Whoever 'd 'a' thought he'd take his cuttin' out that a-way? I never 'd 'a' thought it. Worryin' about her, after the way she's up an' used him! A body 'd think he'd be glad 'f she was treated shameful, and hatto lead a miserable life a-realizin' what she'd threw away. But not him. Well, they say still water runs deep. Mebbe it's ungrateful to think 't after his givin' me that fine buggy. How Mis' Bentley will stare when I drive roun' to see her!" she interjected, with a smile of anticipation; "but after seein' how he showed up his temper just now I ain't sure but Lavin' head was level when she took the other 'n. 'F only he had a donation claim!"

TIFFANY "BLUE BOOK."

Messrs. Tiffany & Co. are now prepared to send the '95 Edition of their annual 'Blue Book' to any address **without charge.**

This catalogue contains **no cuts or illustrations** but a concise enumeration of all their latest products, importations and **Holiday Novelties** with the minimum and maximum prices of each.

No Advance
in
Prices of
Diamond
Jewelry.
Tariff
Reductions
in
Clocks,
Bronzes,
Pottery,
Glass
and all
Imported
Novelties.

Correspondence Invited.

TIFFANY & Co.
UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK
Mention Leslie's Weekly.

RANDEL, BAREMORE & BILLINGS,
Importers of
DIAMONDS
and Manufacturers of
DIAMOND JEWELRY,
58 Nassau St. and 29 Maiden Lane,
NEW YORK.
1 St. Andrews St., Holborn Circus,
LONDON, E. C.

Give Silver.

For Christmas presents there is nothing more suitable. Articles in **Meriden Britannia Co's**

silver plate are especially adapted for gifts, as the quality is so well known. In design and finish, this celebrated plate equals the best solid silver. And it wears.

On spoons, forks, etc., our trade mark is "1847 Rogers Bros." If you cannot procure these goods of your dealer, write us and we will give necessary information. Meriden Britannia Co., Meriden, Conn. New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

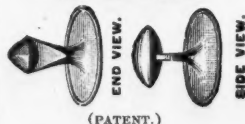
★ **Benedict Brothers** ★
Importers and Manufacturers.
CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

FINE WATCHES In every style of Cases.

Carefully Selected White Diamonds and other Precious Gems in great variety.

Our stock of the beautiful colored American Pearls, received directly from the West, is very large. Rich Jewelry, Chains, and Sterling Silver Goods. Special attention is called to our patent CUFF and COLLAR BUTTON. No gentleman should be without it. Only perfect cuff, sleeve, and collar button made.

"THE BENEDICT."



Benedict Brothers,
BENEDICT BUILDING,
Broadway and Cortlandt St.,
NEW YORK.

BENEDICT'S TIME.

Trade Mark.
ESTABLISHED 1891.



Latest Novelty.

New Japanese Perfume.

**MAT-SU-KI-TA
DU JAPON**

Redolent of "the Land of Flowers."



THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO., OF LONDON



have great pleasure in introducing to the American public one of the choicest and richest perfumes they have yet produced, of great lasting quality and exquisite fragrance, worthy "the land of flowers." A fitting companion perfume to their world-renowned **Crab-Apple Blossoms** and **Crown Lavender Salts**. **Mat-sukita** is unlike, in odor, any perfume heretofore known, and is, in fact, a new revelation of delicacy and richness. We commend it to all lovers of **Crab-Apple Blossoms** Perfume and **The Crown Lavender Salts**.

Prices: 1 oz., 75 cents; 2 ozs., \$1.25; 3 ozs., \$1.75; 4 ozs., \$2.25. Send 12 cents in stamps to **CASWELL, MASSEY & CO., New York, MELVIN & BADGER** or **T. METCALF & CO.** of Boston, or **GEO. B. EVANS** of Philadelphia, and a Bijou sample bottle of **Mat-sukita** will be mailed free to any address.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS IN PERFUMERY.

Latest Production of the
CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,
177 New Bond Street, London.

SOLE MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED
Crab-Apple Blossoms and Crown Lavender Salts.





THE BOY OF 'NINETY-FOUR.

"Shoot that pack, Santy! Why don't yer drop them fakes an' bring a feller round some dead tips on th' races an' a few diagonal-cut cigarettes?"

DECKER BROTHERS'

GRAND
UPRIGHT
SQUARE

PIANOS

MATCHLESS IN
TONE & DURABILITY
AND OF THE MOST
ARTISTIC WORKMAN-
SHIP

CATALOGUE UPON APPLICATION

UNION SQUARE: WEST: NEW YORK
DECKER BUILDING

FOR FLORIDA



THE ONLY NAPHTHA LAUNCH

Is the only perfect pleasure-boat built. With one, your season in Florida is an assured success. Can manage it yourself. No engineer required. Clean, simple, safe, speedy, and reliable. Nearly two thousand now in use. Send 10c. stamps for Illustrated Catalogue.

GAS ENGINE AND POWER COMPANY,
Morris Heights, New York City.

The virtues of

Pears' Soap

Pure, healthful, invigorating, agreeable, changeless in quality, lasting in use, economical. Soothing to the face and hands not irritating—imparting a bright, clear, beautiful complexion to both old and young.

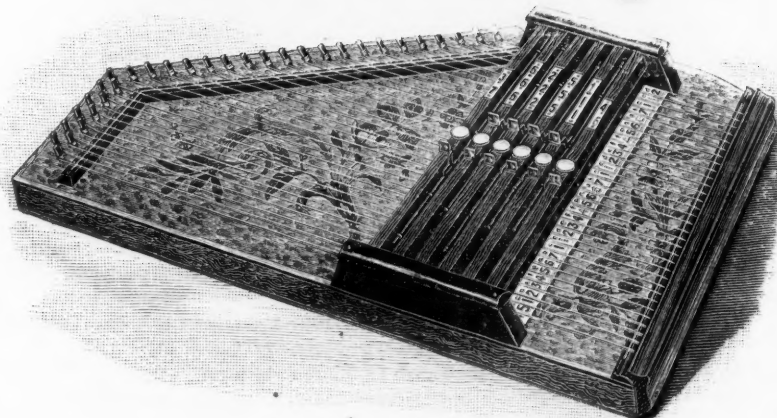
have been transparent to the world for more than

100 Years

and is better to-day than it ever was.
For Toilet, Nursery and Bath.
20 International Awards.

There are soaps offered as substitutes for Pears' which are dangerous—be sure you get Pears'.

The Autoharp



Style No. 603.

"The musical possibilities of which are unlimited," as the World's Fair Committee said. It is an ideal Christmas present, because it's

Easy to play,
Easy to buy.

Our style Harmonette is the best Christmas Present for \$1.50 that money will buy. The Harmonette has 3 Chord Bars, 18 Strings. Instruction Book, with six pieces of music. Tuning Key. Imitation Tortoise-shell Pick. Nicely packed. Send money-order, postal-note or stamps. This offer limited to January 15th, 1905.

MENTION "LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY."

For Sale by all Music Dealers. Send for Catalogue to

ALFRED DOLGE & SON,

SELLING AGENTS,
113 East 13th Street,

AUTOHARP STUDIO,

38 East 19th Street,

New York.



**Sackett & Wilhelms
Lithographing Co.**

110 Fifth Avenue,
Cor. 16th Street,
New York.
(Judge Building.)

Finest Class of Color Printing.

Bill,
Letter and
Note Heads,

Business Cards,
Certificates,
Bonds, Etc.

THE BIGGEST. THE BEST.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGES of the most entertaining
FICTION, BURLESQUE, CRITICISM,
POETRY, SKETCHES, REVIEWS, ETC., ETC

This is what you will get if you buy

The
Holiday Number of **Town Topics**
OUT THIS WEEK.

Ask your Newsman for it, or send price, 25c., to **TOWN TOPICS**, 208 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A DEAL IN DENVER (Just Out) Prize novel in
Tales from Town Topics, No. 14. Price, 50 Cents.

A most exciting story of Wall Street and its relation with New York society.
No more entertaining book published this year.

Have you read "That Dreadful Woman," by HAROLD R. VYNNE? 50 cts.
All Book and Newsdealers, or sent post-paid, on receipt of price, by
TOWN TOPICS, 208 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SEVEN PRIZE NOVELS FREE.

Extraordinary Inducements to Subscribe Now to

**TOWN TOPICS and
TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS.**

"The Sale of a Soul," "The Cousin of the King," "Six Months in Hades," "The Skirts of Chance," "Anthony Kent," "An Eclipse of Virtue," "An Unspeakable Siren."
Regular Price of each Novel, **50 CENTS.** The above Seven Novels, all great prize stories that have had an immense sale, sent FREE, carriage prepaid, to everyone that makes a club subscription to **TOWN TOPICS and TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS** (\$5.00) previous to February 1st, 1905.

WHAT YOU RECEIVE FOR \$5.00 UNDER THIS OFFER.
TOWN TOPICS, 1 year, 52 issues, regular Subscription Price..... \$4.00
TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS, 4 issues, regular Subscription Price..... 2.00
SEVEN PRIZE NOVELS, regular price 50 cents each..... 3.50
.....**Total, \$9.50.**
Accept this liberal offer at once. Send check or P. O. money order for \$5.00 to

TOWN TOPICS,

208 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

A delicate and useful holiday gift to a lady friend would be the above subscription.

VINO DE SALUD
(WINE OF HEALTH.)

"I am strongly convinced that we have in *Vino de Salud* a very pleasant and valuable tonic. I prescribe it for those patients who have weak digestive organs and find it difficult to retain medicine in the stomach."—Letter on file in our office from a well-known physician.

A beautifully illustrated booklet about this celebrated Spanish Tonic wine mailed on application to
ROCHE & CO., Importers, 503 Fifth Ave., New York.

America's Best Railway.



**REASONS
WHY**

People Like It.

And these are some of the reasons why the people like to travel
over **The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway:**

Splendid Roadbed.

Double Tracks.

Direct Line.

Comfortable Route.

Prompt Service.

Reliable Connections.

Fast Trains.

Union Stations.

Fine Equipment.

It connects the cities of Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo,
New York (via N.Y. C. & H. R.), Boston (via B. & A. R. R.)
in the finest of Vestibule, Steam-heated Sleeping Cars,

**Without
Change.**

A. J. SMITH,
GEN. PASS. & TICKET AGT.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

"AN OUNCE

of prevention is worth a pound of cure" Ripans
Tabules do not weigh an ounce, but they contain many
pounds of good. One tabule gives relief. Try for
yourself the next time you have a headache or bilious
attack.

R. H. **MACY** & CO.

SIXTH AVENUE, 13TH TO 14TH STREET.

1858-1894.

37th Christmas Opening of
HOLIDAY
GOODS AND TOYS.

The Window Show This Year

is in 13 Tableaux and treats of KING SOLOMON
AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA—GULLIVER'S
TRAVELS—SINBAD THE SAILOR—AND JACK
AND THE BEAN-STALK. For full particulars see
Programme to be had at Superintendent's Desk,
main aisle, store floor.

A vast assortment of Fancy
Goods, Leather Goods, Diamond
Jewelry, Umbrellas, Canes, Holi-
day Books, Stationery in Fancy
Boxes, Musical Instruments,
Gloves, Fans, Perfumery, Bric-a-
Brac, Silverware, Etc., and most
complete lines of

**DOLLS, TOYS,
GAMES,**

and articles particularly adapted for
Christmas Presents, at a saving to
purchasers of 25 per cent., 33 1-3 per
cent., and in some instances even 50
per cent.

STEINWAY

The Standard Pianos of the World!

The Largest Establishment in Existence.

WAREROOMS:

Steinway Hall, New York.

THE "DALMEYER"
4x5 HAND CAMERA

Price, each, \$7.50.

This is a full-size camera, 9x8x6 1/2 inches. It is
handsomely finished in ebonized wood with polish-
ed brass trimmings, instantaneous and time shut-
ter, finder, etc.

Any brand of dry plates can be used, and it is
adapted for a tripod or as a "detective" camera.
Nothing so good has been offered at anything
like the price, and we have obtained control of the
entire output.
Wishing to introduce it rapidly, we make the
following

GREAT COMBINATION HOLIDAY OFFER:

A "Dalmeier" 4x5 Camera, value \$7.50, and a year's
subscription to **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**, value \$4.00,
TOTAL, \$11.50, FOR ONLY \$8.75.

Either one will make a splendid Holiday Gift.

OUR NEW MAIL-ORDER CATALOGUE.

Our mail-order business in Sportsmen's and Tour-
ist supplies is the largest in the country, and we
issue a most desirable catalogue covering these and
kindred lines, that we will send you free. Each
catalogue contains 1,000 pictures and over 4,000 net
quotations of Sportsmen's supplies of every sort.

We offer to send you this book and pay the post-
age on it, so sure are we that we can keep your
trade on the merits of low prices, prompt service,
and your money back if you want it. Send for the
book to-day. It's well worth having.

HENRY C. SQUIRES & SON,
20 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

**THE BEST GENERAL ADVER-
TISING MEDIUM IS
LESLIE'S WEEKLY.**

For Rates Address
WILLIAM L. MILLER, Adv. Manager,
110 Fifth Ave., New York.



GOOD ADVICE.

SANDFORD.—"I guess I'll go back after an umbrella. It's beginning to snow and I'm afraid of spoiling my hat."

MERTON.—"Wear a Knox hat as I do, and then you can go out in a blizzard without spoiling your hat."

Smiles are becoming only when the Lips Display Pretty Teeth.



The snells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT

which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

By those who have used it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

Persons afraid to laugh, lest they should disclose the discoloration of their teeth, have only to brush them every day with fragrant

SOZODONT,

in order to remove the blemish. No article for the toilet possesses a greater claim to public confidence, and to few are accorded such a large share of public favor.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY



FOR MEDICINAL USE.

No Fusel Oil.

SAT IN A DRAUGHT.
THE CAR WINDOW WAS OPEN.
WENT OUT AFTER A BATH.
FORGOT TO WEAR AN OVERCOAT.
NEGLECTED TO PUT ON RUBBERS.
GOT CAUGHT IN A RAIN, AND

YOU HAVE A COLD!

and should take the best known preparation for it. Nothing which has ever been discovered has equaled Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey for counteracting the first approach of any cold, cough or malarial symptoms. It is for sale by druggists and grocers universally, but care should be exercised that none but Duffy's is secured. Send for our illustrated book.

DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.



D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER
For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths: athletes or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. of floor room; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Admired by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 40 engravings, free. Address D. L. DOWD, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, New York.

FREE! CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this watch by express for examination. A **GUARANTEE for 5 YEARS** sent with it. You examine it and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price \$1.85 and it is yours. It is the handsomest and best timekeeper in the world for the money and better than many watches sold for four times the price. **FREE** With every watch we send absolutely free of charge a lovely gold plate chain and charm, also our big catalogue full of bargains. Write to-day, this offer will not appear again. Address, **EASTLAKE MFG. CO.,** Cor. Adams and State Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.



Eau de Cologne

IMPORTED OVER 60 YEARS.

The first Cologne Water introduced in the American market, and its sales to-day exceed the amount of all other German Colognes combined.

Its reputation is equalled by no other brand. **MULHENS & KROPPFF, New York, U. S. Agents.**

TIS UNDER THE MISTLETOE,
CHRISTMAS NIGHT,
AND SANTA CLAUSE, THE JOELY OLD WRIGHT
AS HE HOLDS ALLOFT HIS PRIZE
THE MONEY WOULD SIP
FROM BEAUTY'S LIP
WHILE SWEETS TO THE SWEET HE CRIES.
A CHARMING CHRISTMAS GIFT

MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR
HANDKERCHIEF, DRESSING-TABLE OR BATH.

TIRED! NOT A BIT OF IT.
I heard so much about the Picturesque **LEHIGH VALLEY** railroad that I decided to come East by that route and I am delighted. Such charming scenery, smooth road-bed and comfortable cars are not to be found on any other road.
Solid Vestibuled you know and Dining Car Service. There was no side of dust or smoke you see they but hard anthracite coal in the fire.
If I should travel between Philadelphia and New York, I would invariably take the Picturesque **LEHIGH VALLEY ROUTE.**
A PERFECT not a post-burn nothing locomotive. New York, Chicago, I would
FOR Special Information Write to **CHAS. S. LEE,** Genl. Passenger Agent Philadelphia Pa.

Mt. Shasta 14,442 FEET. **Mt. Tacoma** 14,444 FEET.
SHASTA ROUTE AND NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.
TWIN PEAKS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.
Use this route in returning from your winter's sojourn in California, see these noble peaks and visit the **YELLOWSTONE PARK**
INDIANLAND AND WONDERLAND.
SEND SIX CENTS IN STAMPS FOR CHAS. S. FEE, GEN. PASS. AGT., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Scientific Suspenders.

A MUCH-NEEDED REFORM.
HEALTHFUL,
COMFORTABLE,
DURABLE.



No strain on the bands. No dragging on the shoulders.

When worn with Evening Dress they cannot crease the shirt bosom and the straps are never seen.

The Scientific principle of the pulley acting on the cord insures perfect freedom of movement in any position and keeps the trousers in shape.

To wear them is to like them.

On sale by all first-class dealers or sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, 50c. to \$2.00. State height and weight
SCIENTIFIC SUSPENDER CO. (Lim.) Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't Injure Your Face

With a Poor Razor.

You cannot afford to do it. Every gentleman enjoys, and should enjoy, the luxury of a fine razor.

The cost between a cheap razor and the elegant Electric is too trifling to be considered in such an important article of the toilet.



Try this Razor on Your Face.
There is no cheap foreign or domestic razor can compare with it. We guarantee every blade. They are the best that can be produced in the world. Every first-class hardware dealer in America carries them in stock. Insist upon this brand, and take no other.

FACTORY, **THE ELECTRIC OUTLERY CO.,** Newark, N. J. N. Y. Office, 111 Chambers Street.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE—FLORIDA—CUBA via Washington and Richmond.
NEW SHORT LINE TO AIKEN, S. C., AUGUSTA, GA., and MACON, GA. N. Y. to Aiken, 22 1/2 hrs.; Augusta, 23 hrs.; Macon, 26 hrs.
The "New York and Florida Special" (vestibuled train) will make its first departure early in January, leaving New York, 4.30 P. M., arriving Jacksonville and St. Augustine the following evening.
Full information at General Eastern Office, 229 Broadway, N. Y., and at all Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Offices.

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS!

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND (COLIC), and is the best remedy for DIARRHCEA sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

ILL-TEMPERED BABIES

are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

U-S Dr. Siebert's Angostura Bitters, the renowned appetizer, of exquisite flavor.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address: E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A. 231, Albion, Michigan.

Cuticura

the great
SKIN CURE
Instantly Relieves
TORTURING
Skin Diseases

And the most distressing forms of itching, burning, bleeding, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humors and points to a speedy cure when all other remedies and the best physicians fail. CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS, and its cures of torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humors are the most wonderful on record.

Sold throughout the world. Price, RESOLVENT, \$1; OINTMENT, 50c.; SOAP, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston.
"How to Cure Skin and Blood Humors," free.

LIKE SUMMER ROSES

PURITY of person COMMANDS OUR RESPECT, and for this reason we seek to avoid PEOPLE OF BAD TASTE, because they are usually uncleanly. But what can be more lovely than a young girl, just budding into womanhood, whose every charm has been heightened by the use of

Constantine's Persian Healing Pine Tar Soap?

This indispensable article for Toilet use Frees the Head from Dandruff; prevents the hair from falling off or turning prematurely gray; removes blotches and pimples from the skin; makes the teeth shine like pearls, and gives to the breath a sweetness which is as fascinating as the odor of

SUMMER ROSES.

Remember this wonderful beautifier is the ORIGINAL PINE TAR SOAP.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

Ah! what a warning to millions of America's men who are daily tearing down their naturally strong physical and nervous system. Stop a moment! Did you take to tobacco naturally? Well, no! And now you want it—why? Because tobacco tastes good? No, but to gratify a feeling hard to explain, and only satisfied by nicotine.

LIFE'S SHORT! THE USE OF TOBACCO MAKES IT SHORTER.

We have not the time, much less the inclination, to preach printed sermons for the sake of making a man quit tobacco, IF HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT IT HURTS HIM. We want to talk to the man who realizes that he is TOBACCO spitting and smoking his life away, who WANTS TO STOP AND CAN'T. Tobacco has produced a diseased condition of the nervous system, and from time to time, you are compelled to feed the never ceasing demands, and you may have, like millions of other men,

A TOBACCO HEART. Nearly every papers give an account of some eminent man falling suddenly dead at his desk from heart disease. As a rule, no middle-aged man in active business dies thus suddenly unless poisoned, and that poison, in a majority of cases, is tobacco. Meanwhile the slaughter goes on. The press and the pulpit seem muzzled, the majority being participants in the popular vice, and those who are not seem hypnotized and afraid to speak out.

VITALITY NICOTINIZED. Tobacco destroys manhood. Tens of thousands of men feel the darkening clouds of early decline, because nature, not exhausted naturally, but burdened with the taking care of a tobacco-poisoned blood, has slowly and surely succumbed to the frightful effects of tobacco upon the vital forces, that makes strong men IMPOTENT and DESTROYS THEIR MANHOOD.

YOU ASK FOR PROOF.

Test NO-TO-BAC under our Absolute Guarantee; feel how quick NO-TO-BAC kills the desire for tobacco, eliminates the nicotine, steadies the nerves, increases the weight, makes the blood pure and rich and tingling with new life and energy. Hundreds of letters from aged men testify to years of tobacco slavery, and tell how NO-TO-BAC destroyed tobacco's power and brought back feelings long since dead, while sensations of a younger existence once more warmed the cockles of the old man's heart. Gloomy days were gone, the sunshine was brighter; the warble of the little birds all spoke of love; the old man made young again and—happy.

IT IS TRUE, NO-TO-BAC DOESN'T CURE EVERYONE.

What's the use of telling a lie to get caught at it? You know and so do we, that the claim "never fails to cure" is a quack lie, and fraud's talk. Our guarantee is clean cut and to the point. Read it. We would rather have the good will of the occasional failure than his money. Beware of the man who says, "Just as Good as NO-TO-BAC." It stands alone, backed by men of national business reputation and integrity, who are personally known to the publisher of this paper, who also indorses our guarantee.

TENS OF THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS

are on file in our office from enthusiastic users of NO-TO-BAC, and many have been put in print, ready to be mailed for the asking. NO-TO-BAC is not sold upon the strength of testimonial endorsement, but under an ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE to cure in each individual case, so you run no physical or financial risk. Decide now if you will give nature a little assistance by a fair, honest trial of NO-TO-BAC.

OUR GUARANTEE IS PLAIN AND TO THE POINT.

PUBLISHER'S We, the publishers of this paper, know the S. R. Co. to be reliable and do as they agree. This we **GUARANTEE.** That NO-TO-BAC is to you **WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.**

WHERE TO BUY OR ORDER NO-TO-BAC.

Sold by wholesale and retail druggists throughout the U. S. and Canada, or sent by mail anywhere for price—one box \$1; three boxes, \$2.50. Our president, Mr. A. L. Thomas, is a member of the great advertising firm of Lord & Thomas, Chicago. Our secretary is Mr. P. T. Barry, of the Chicago Newspaper Union, Chicago. Our treasurer is Mr. H. L. Kramer, general manager of the Indiana Springs Company, owners of the famous Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind., the only place where magnetic mineral mud baths are given for the cure of rheumatism. We mention this to assure you that remittances will be properly accounted for, that our GUARANTEE WILL BE MADE GOOD AND YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED. **BE SURE** when you write to mention this paper, and address

THE STERLING REMEDY CO.,
BOX 107 INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, WARREN CO., IND.
CHICAGO OFFICE: 45 Randolph St. NEW YORK OFFICE: 10 Spruce St.
CANADA OFFICE: 374 St. Paul St. Montreal.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Largest establishment in the world for the treatment of SKIN, SCALP, AND NERVES. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y. City, Inventor of WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP. Send 10c. for sample and 150-page book on Dermatology.



That is the fashionable "Redfern" the newest brand of the famous

"S. H. & M."

FIRST QUALITY Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding. Look for "S. H. & M." First Quality on the label of every bolt you buy.

"S. H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

ELECTRICITY

Mechanics, Steam Eng'g, Mechanical Drawing, Architecture, R. R. and Bridge Eng'g, Plumbing, Heating, Mining, English Branches. Send for free Circular, stating subject wish to study or your trade. CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL SCIENCES, SCRANTON, PA.



ALL LADIES



as well as gentlemen like the COLUMBIAN

INKSTAND. The Ink Funnel (adjustable) insures the proper inking of the pen at each dipping. No inky fingers. Keeps the ink free from dust and dirt. A perfect luxury to busy scribes. Makes a splendid XMAS present. \$1.00 each upwards. Sent prepaid on receipt of price.

Circular free.

BOYD & ABBOT CO., 257 Broadway, New York.

TROY IMPROVED CHLORIDE OF GOLD CURE. Treatment at home. Cure permanent. Write for circular of testimonials. N. D. CRARY, Manager, 821-822 Kirk Building, Syracuse, N. Y. Mention this paper.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guarantee. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

18 KARAT GOLD PLATE LADIES' OR GENT'S SIZE.

CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this watch by express for examination. A Guarantee for 5 Years and chain and charm sent with it. You examine it and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price, \$2.50, and it is yours. It is beautifully engraved and warranted the best time-keeper in the world for the money and equal in appearance to a genuine Solid Gold Watch. Write to-day, this offer will not appear again.

EASTLAKE MFG. CO.,
Corner Adams and State Sts.
CHICAGO, ILL.

FAT FOLKS reduced, 15 lbs. a month. Any one can make remedy. Safe and sure. Particulars 2c. "K. A." Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?

When you can get the Best at Cargo prices in any quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of premiums given to Club Agents. Good Income made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. P.O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

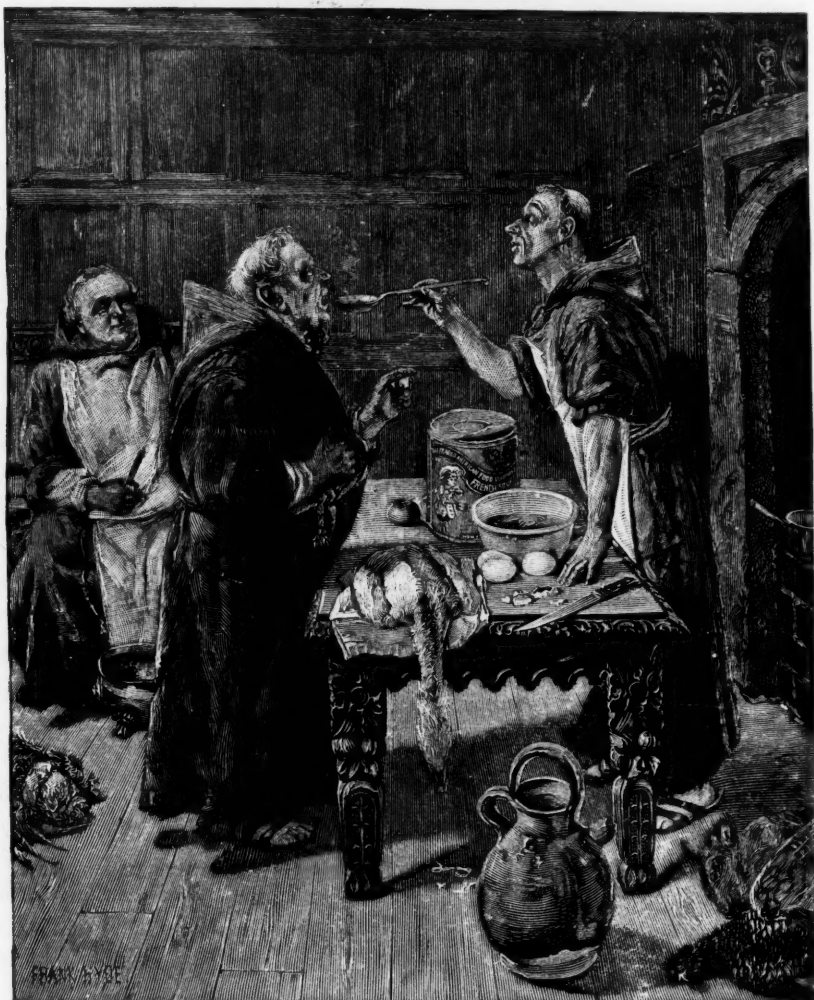
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD HEAD
PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

LONDON.
THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'hôte.



THE EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE.

THE WASTE-BASKET—"My dear friend, during the joy and festivities of this gladsome season you must not forget the unvarying fidelity of an old henchman. I simply want an equal partnership in the business."



Christmas Eve.

A beautiful copy of this picture, in buff color, size 13 x 16, mounted on a sheet 21 x 29, will be sent postage prepaid as a special Christmas offering, on receipt of 20 cents (stamps accepted) or else by sending us six of our "little cook" cut out of the colored label pasted around our cans.

We offer this souvenir as a reminder that your Christmas Dinner should include a can of Franco-American Soups and Plum Pudding. They will render it a merry feast indeed.

Franco American Food Co.,

P. O. Box, 150, N. Y.

Please mention this publication.

J.B. COLT & CO. 16 BECKMAN ST. NEW YORK.

CRITERION AND PARABOLON MAGIC LANTERNS ARE THE BEST. OIL, LIME AND ELECTRIC LIGHT. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

50 BROMFIELD ST. BOSTON, MASS.

189 LA SALLE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

1140 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAFNESS

and headaches relieved by using **WILSON'S COMMON SENSE EAR DRUMS.** Entirely new, scientific invention; different from all other devices; the only safe, simple, comfortable, and invisible ear drum in the world. Hundreds are being benefited where medical skill has failed. No string or wire attachment to irritate the ear. Write for pamphlet. **WILSON EAR DRUM CO.** 102 Trust Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

WOMAN'S SAFEGUARD. Sealed particulars free. Gem Rubber Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Going South?



Consider your comfort, and travel by the luxurious steamers of the

CLYDE LINE,

The Only Line of Steamships Between New York and Jacksonville, Florida, Without Change.

Affording a delightful sail among the SEA ISLANDS ALONG THE SOUTHERN COAST,

calling at CHARLESTON, S. C. Sailing from Pier 29, East River, New York, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 3 P. M. Tables are supplied with the best of the Northern and Southern markets afford.

THE CLYDE SHIPS

are of modern construction, and provided with every appliance for safety, comfort, and speed.

M. H. Clyde, A. T. M. A. J. Cole, P. A. Theo. G. Eger, T. M. WM. P. CLYDE & CO., Gen. Agts., 5 Bowling Green, N. Y. 12 So. Del. Ave., Phila.

HAPPINESS ASSURED.

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure all kinds of Piles. It gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and nothing else. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by druggists, sent by mail, for 50c. and \$1.00 per box. **WILLIAMS' MFG CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.**

BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERSEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement.

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTRY AND TRUE NAME.) Cut this advertisement out.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A. Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations.

You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

We Offer \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

SMITH & WESSON 32 CARTRIDGES 38 USED 38 POLICE 38 REVOLVERS 38 EXPRESS 38 EXAMINATION 38 ALLOWED 38 ADDRESS 38 STATE & EASTLAKE 38 CO. ADAM 5 STS. CHICAGO.

AUTOMATIC SHELL EXTRACTOR DOUBLE ACTION

\$3.39

TAMAR

INDIEN

GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge,

very agreeable to take, for

Constipation,

hemorrhoids, bile,

loss of appetite, gastric

and intestinal troubles and

headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris.

Sold by all Druggists.

"Thrift is a good revenue."

Great Saving

results from cleanliness and

It is a solid cake of scouring soap.

Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

BILLY BRASS—"That stocking game ain't large enough for me; I guess I'll spring something new on Santa Claus."

Soup Making
with *-a pleasure*

Armour's
Extract of BEEF

Our little book of "Culinary Wrinkles" mailed free. Send address to

Armour & Company, Chicago.

Arnold
Constable & Co.

RICH LACES.

Point Applique, Point Venise,
Point d'Angleterre Laces.

Bridal Veils, Chiffons.

Embroidered Mousselines,
Novelties in Made-up
Chiffons and Laces.
Renaissance, Duchesse
and Brûlé Collars.

**LACE, EMBROIDERED AND
INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS.**

Ostrich Feather Boas.

English Umbrellas.

GLOVES.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

Save the Cost
of Pressing Trousers

BY USING THE

BOSTON

Trousers Stretcher
and Hanger.

Tailors, Clothiers, and Haberdashers sell them, and we mail them postpaid at the following prices.

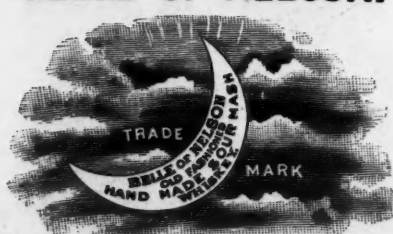
Bronze.—25 cts. a pr. 5 prs. \$1.00.

Nickel.—35 cts. a pr. 5 prs. \$1.50.

Send to George Frost Co.,

551 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

"BELLE OF NELSON."



The whiskey that made Kentucky famous. Used in United States government hospitals after a thorough chemical analysis, and pronounced to be the purest and finest whiskey in the world. Distilled and bottled by the Belle of Nelson Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky.

For sale in cases, containing twelve bottles, or by the barrel. Address ACKER, MENRALL & CONNITT, New York, N. Y., or
**Belle of Nelson Distillery Co.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.**

For the
Same
Money

**Better
Goods**

Than
Any Other
Make



THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

ALWAYS AN
ACCEPTABLE XMAS PRESENT!

A BOX OF FANCY BASKET

FILLED WITH

Snyder's
DELICIOUS

Bonbons and Chocolates

863 Broadway, New York.

ORDERS BY MAIL RECEIVE PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION.

Rambler
BICYCLES.

ONE MILE

WORLD'S **1.51** RECORD!

FLYING

Good bearings and "fastest tires on earth"—

"G. & J. PNEUMATIC TIRES"

THAT'S THE SECRET.

Catalogue free at any Rambler agency.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., CHICAGO.

Boston. Washington. New York. Brooklyn. Detroit.



C. C. Shayne's name in a fur garment is a guarantee of reliability. Awarded highest prizes at the world's fair. Shayne's, 124 and 126 West Forty-second street, New York, is the leading fashionable resort for reliable and elegant furs. Fashion-book mailed to any address.

At a
First-class Café,
Hotel, or Soda Fountain,
you will be served with
Beef Tea made from

Liebig COMPANY'S
Extract of Beef,

because it is the most reliable in quality,
the most delicate in flavor, and the
most satisfactory in every way.

The great chemist Baron Justus von Liebig
invented Extract of Beef, and also originated
the term "Beef Tea." He authorized the
Liebig Company to use his signature to
designate it as the genuine. Be sure
it is on the jar in blue before the attend-
ant serves you.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

Bear in Mind—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

ED. PINAUD'S

Latest Exquisite Perfume,

BOUQUET MARIE LOUISE.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES



On this Continent, have received

HIGHEST AWARDS

from the great

Industrial and Food

EXPOSITIONS

In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INK MANUFACTURED BY

**J. Harper Bonnell Co.,
NEW YORK CHICAGO.**

EARL & WILSON'S.
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

To be Happy—Play

THE
POPULAR
GAME
"HALMA"

Just the thing for a Holiday present. It should be in every home. For sale by Toy dealers everywhere. By mail, on receipt of one dollar.

E. I. HORSMAN,

Publisher, 341 Broadway, N. Y.

IVORY SOAP

99 1/100 % PURE

USED IN HOSPITALS.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINT'L.

"One Night Out"

can reach

Royal Palms in Our Italy.

3.20 P. M. Daily is the hour the New York and Florida Short Limited leaves New York via the Pennsylvania R. R., Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, and the Florida Central and Peninsula R. R.

NEW FLORIDA SHORT LINE LIMITED.

A most magnificent and superbly equipped train composed of dining and buffet drawing-room sleeping-cars between New York, Savannah, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and Tampa; also carrying drawing-room sleeping-cars New York to Augusta and Aiken. Elegant coach for first-class travel only, New York to Washington, and Washington to St. Augustine.

COMPARTMENT CARS.

A new feature of this elegant train is Pullman's latest compartment cars, which are operated between New York and St. Augustine. These cars are arranged so as to have two drawing-rooms and seven state-rooms, and are elegantly upholstered. The state-rooms in these cars have upper and lower berths, and are similar to a drawing-room, the charge being very little more than for a section.

The U. S. Fast Mail (second train) leaves New York at 12.15 midnight; arrives Jacksonville second morning, with through Pullman sleeping-cars New York to Jacksonville.

The famous Washington and Southwestern Vestibule leaves New York daily at 4.30 P. M. as heretofore, for Atlanta, New Orleans, Memphis, Asheville and Chattanooga.

For sleeping-car reservation call on or address any of the undersigned officers:

NEW YORK, 271 and 353 Broadway.

PHILADELPHIA, 32 South Third Street.

BOSTON, 228 Washington Street.

BALTIMORE, 106 East German Street.

WASHINGTON, 1300 Penn. Avenue.

Ask for Your Ticket over the Picturesque Route via WASHINGTON, DANVILLE and CHARLOTTE.

Southern Railway.
W. H. GREEN, General Manager.
J. N. M. CULP, Traffic Manager.
W. A. TURK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
Washington, D. C.

Florida Central and Peninsula.
D. E. MAXWELL, General Manager.
N. S. PENNINGTON, Traffic Manager.
A. O. MACDONELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.
Jacksonville, Florida.

5=POINTERS=5

1

The New York Central does not claim to be the only railroad in the world—"there are others"; it is, however, the Great Four-Track Trunk Line of the United States, and has earned the title given it by press and people on both sides of the Atlantic, of "America's Greatest Railroad."

"The New York Central has beaten all records for fast time on long runs of passenger trains on both sides of the Atlantic."
From an Editorial in the LONDON TIMES.

2

The New York Central operates the fastest and most perfect through train service in the world, reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centres of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's health and pleasure resorts.

"The public demands the highest speed, consistent with perfect safety, and the railroads must provide it. The New York Central has simply responded to the demand."
From an Editorial in the NEW YORK HERALD.

3

The New York Central is the direct Line between the American metropolis and Niagara Falls, by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

"The most beautiful sight I ever witnessed was along the Mohawk Valley. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one sweep that I saw along the New York Central would have exhausted it forever."—Extract from sermon of Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, on "The Fastest Train in the World."

4

The New York Central's metropolitan terminus is at Grand Central Station, Fourth Avenue and Forty-second Street, in the very centre of the hotel, residence, and theatre section, this being the only Trunk Line whose trains enter the City of New York.

"If there were twenty stations on Manhattan Island, none could have a better location; but there are no others."
From the BUFFALO EXPRESS.

5

"The entire Main Line of the New York Central, between New York and Buffalo and Niagara Falls, is protected by the most perfect system of block signals in the world."

See paper read before The American Society of Civil Engineers, by J. P. O'Donnell, the well-known English expert on Block Signals.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD COMPANY.

WINTER PLEASURE TOURS.

Gettysburg Leaves New York December 26th, 1894, visiting Gettysburg and Washington. Rates, including all necessary expenses for four days: New York, \$20.00; Philadelphia, \$17.50. Also, tickets to Gettysburg and return, direct, within six days: New York, \$12.00; Philadelphia, \$9.50.

Washington A series of three-day tours. Dates: December 6th, and at intervals of three weeks until May 23d, 1895, inclusive. Rates, including accommodations at best hotels: New York, \$13.50; Philadelphia, \$11.50.

Old Pt. Comfort A series of three-day tours will leave New York and Philadelphia December 27th, 1894, February 7th and March 7th, 1895. Rates, including all necessary expenses: New York, \$15.50; Philadelphia, \$12.50; also tickets returning via Richmond and Washington.

Florida A series of Jacksonville tours, allowing two weeks in the State of Florida, will be run during January 29th, February 12th and 26th, and March 12th and 26th, 1895. Rates: \$50.00 from New York; \$48.00 from Philadelphia, including meals en route and Pullman berth on special train.

California Two tours to the Golden Gate will leave New York and Philadelphia by magnificent Pullman train, February 20th and March 20th, 1895.

Detailed itinerary will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

J. R. WOOD,
Gen'l Pass. Agent.

GEO. W. BOYD,
Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent.



Comfort IN Travel

is realized in the highest degree on the famous fast through trains of the

MICHIGAN CENTRAL
"The Niagara Falls Route."

East
Between the
AND THE West.

With magnificent Equipment of

Wagner Palace Sleeping-Cars,

Running through without change between **Chicago,**

ST. LOUIS, TOLEDO and DETROIT

AND
NEW YORK, BOSTON and
NEW ENGLAND POINTS.

via
NEW YORK CENTRAL
and HUDSON RIVER,
AND
BOSTON and ALBANY
RAILROADS.

ROBERT MILLER,
General Superintendent,
DETROIT.

O. W. RUGGLES,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
CHICAGO.





A RIPPLE OF DIMPLES
ROUND THE WORLD
PRODUCED BY

SCOTT'S EMULSION

When the babies see the Scott's Emulsion bottle they put out their chubby arms, kick their little feet, and laugh. This is their way of showing how they like it. If they could only talk, the "ripple of dimples" would swell into a great tidal wave of praise for the nourishment that makes them fat and well and bright.

But the mothers do the talking for them; and where is the mother, who has given Scott's Emulsion to her thin weak baby, who will not be glad to tell of its wonderful nourishing properties?

When babies do not thrive, there is no nourishment in the world like Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to bring them up to a healthy, vigorous standard. When children are thin, pale and weak, Scott's Emulsion will quickly nourish them back to strength and health.

Nearly all babies and rapidly growing children need an effective concentrated nourishment in addition to their ordinary food. That this is true is proved by their pale faces, or hollow chests, or their growth going all one way. You cannot get away from this truth any more than you can the power of Scott's Emulsion to cure these and many other forms of wasting. Whether it is baby, child or adult, the case is the same. Scott's Emulsion enriches and purifies the blood, promotes the making of healthy flesh, strengthens the vital organs of the body, and, in a word, nourishes the whole system back to health when no other form of food seems to be assimilated.

The medical world has endorsed Scott's Emulsion for twenty years. It is not a secret nostrum. Any doctor will tell you of its merits. Pamphlet mailed free upon application.

Scott & Bowne, New-York City.

All Druggists.

50 cents and \$1.